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## POETRY.

SPRING, AUTUMN AND ETERNITY.

"He hath made everything beautiful in

his time."—Ecclesiastes, 3, 11.

There are two things I dearly love,

In nature's circling year,

Which lift my spirit far above

The weight of earthly care:

They bring before my eager view

The brightness of a home,

Where all their loveliness is true,

Nor change can ever come.

The early times of Spring's first hours,

Bring freshness to the heart;

They rouse the wearied spirit's powers,

And sweeter life impart:

Her dancing breezes gently woo

The blossoms of the rose,

All wet with sparkling morning dew,

Their petals to infuse.

The weary sufferer of pain,

The bowed with care or grief,

Find health returning once again,

With hopes of sweet relief:

Spring hours cannot fail to bring

Calms and consoling thought,

Her many voices ever sing

Of joy to mortals brought.

But how, O Autumn! shall I dare

To paint thy gorgeous hues;

The softness of thy morning air,

Thine evening's pearly dew;

The so-called grandeur of the night,

Where sunny gleams are set

With gems more radiantly bright,

Than earthly coronet?

The glory of thy sunset hour,

When all is calm and still,

Brings forth conviction of the Power

That heaven and earth doth fill;

Oh! who can gaze upon thy skies,

As twilight shades them o'er,

And not from earthly dreamings rise,

Their Maker to adore?

The wreath of fading Summer flowers

Is not upon thy brow,

But all the mirth of Summer hours

Is changed to sadness now,

And yet, upon thy dying head,

A solemn beauty lies,

More glorious than the richest spoil

Of Nature's glowing skies.

Ever, O Autumn! shalt thou be

To us, an emblem meet

Of spirit shining peacefully

To shun our calm and sweet;

Though thy delights not long may last,

Yet ours shall still increase;

Thy reign be soon forever past,

But ours shall never cease.

Ah! not like thee shall pass away,

The Christian's hope and joy;

We look for an eternal day,

And bliss without alloy—

For glories hid from mortal sight,

Revealed in realms above—

For felices crowns of heavenly light,

And perfection of love.

## THE POETRY OF COMMERCE.

The Hon. Edward Everett, poet

to everything it touches, thus speaks

of Commerce in his late beautiful speech

at the Peabody Testimonial:

"Track its history for a moment from

the earliest period. In the infancy of

the world its caravans, like gigantic

serpents, were creeping through the

wastes of Asia and Africa, with their

industrial legs, and bound the human

race in these vast regions as they

bind together now. Its colonial

establishments scattered the

Grecian culture all around the

shores of the Mediterranean, and

carried the adventures of Tyre and

Carthage to the north of Europe and

the south of Africa. The walled

cities of the middle ages

prevented the arts and refinements

of life from being trampled out of

existence under the iron heel of the

feudal powers. The House

Towns were the bulwark of liberty

and property in the north and west

of Europe for ages. The germ of the

representative system sprang from

the municipal franchises of the

boroughs. At the revival

of letters, the merchant princes of

Florence received the fugitive arts

of Greece into their palaces. The

spirit of commerce produced that

movement in the fifteenth century,

which carried Columbus to America,

and Vasco di Gama around the

cape of Good Hope. The deep

foundations of the modern system

of international law were laid in

interests and rights of Commerce,

and the necessity of protecting

them.

Commerce sprinkled the treasures

of the newly found Indies throughout

the Western nations; it nerved the

arm of civil and religious liberty

in the Protestant world—it

gradually carried the colonial

system of Europe to the ends of the

earth, and with it the elements of

future independence, civilized

republican governments. But

why should we dwell upon the

past? What is it that gives vigor

to the present day but the

extension of commercial intercourse,

by which all the products of the

earth, of the soil, the mine, the

loom, the forge, the bounteous

nature, creative and untiring

industry, are brought by the

agency of commerce into the

universal market of demand and

supply? No matter in what

region a desirable product is

produced, or how it is brought

to the market, it is the

## THE GREEN ROSE.

This Rose presents quite a

phenomenon in the history of

Roses, and as its existence

has been doubted by many who

have not seen it, perhaps it would

be acceptable to give its origin.

It was originally a daily

red rose, and was set out in the

garden of Mr. James Smith, (who

is now dead) between the years

1806 and 1808. About the year

1827, a Venetian Smack was

planted from 3 to 5 feet distant

from the cluster of red roses, and

during that, or the next year, one

of the stalks ceased bearing the

green rose; and has so continued

to the present time. Not long after

this, it was necessary to extirpate

the Smack entirely, in as much as

it was putting up sprouts in every

direction and becoming ruinous

to the garden, but this removal

of the Smack produced no change

in the bearing of the green rose.

This, however, was merely an

opinion which he assigned because

it appeared the most reasonable

mode of accounting for its produc-

tion. This rose has been twice

removed from its place and without

producing any injury. The original

rose bush is still alive and

fourishing, and may be seen at the

residence of John Smith, Esq., in

the county of Bladen.

The history of this rose, as given











